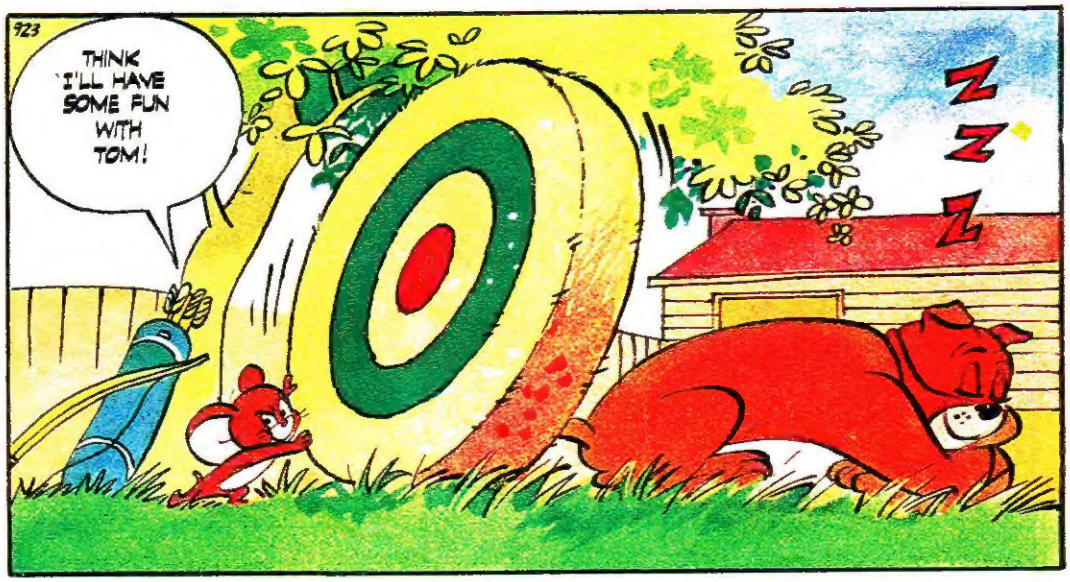
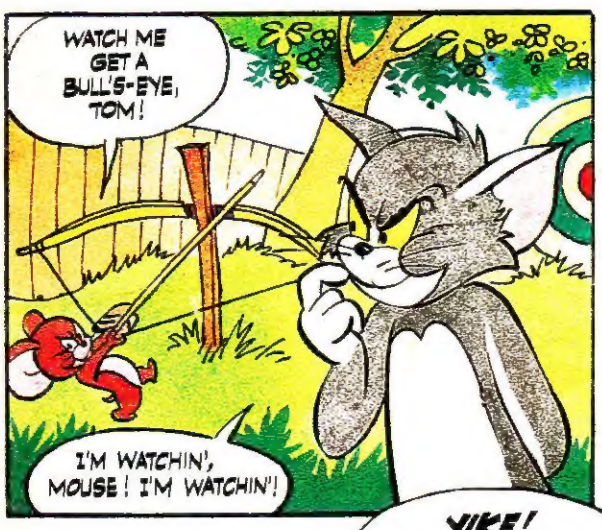
WEEK TWO OF OUR GREAT COMPETITION . . . SEE PAGE 10!

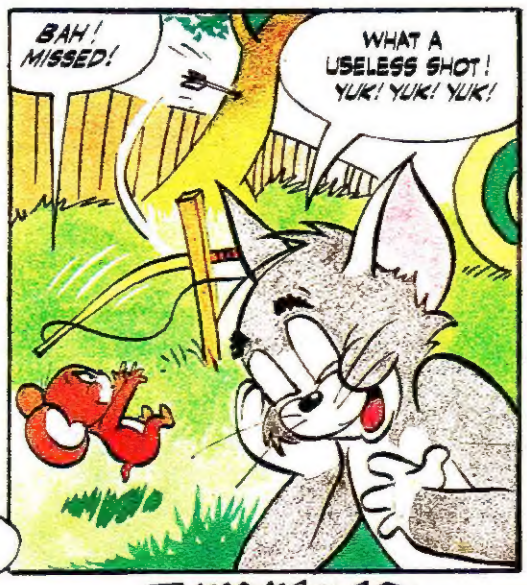
TV COMIC 7d

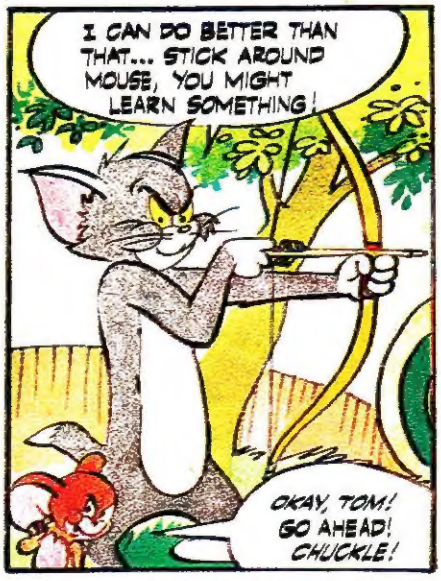
Every Monday | Week Ending 23rd August, 1969 | Number 923

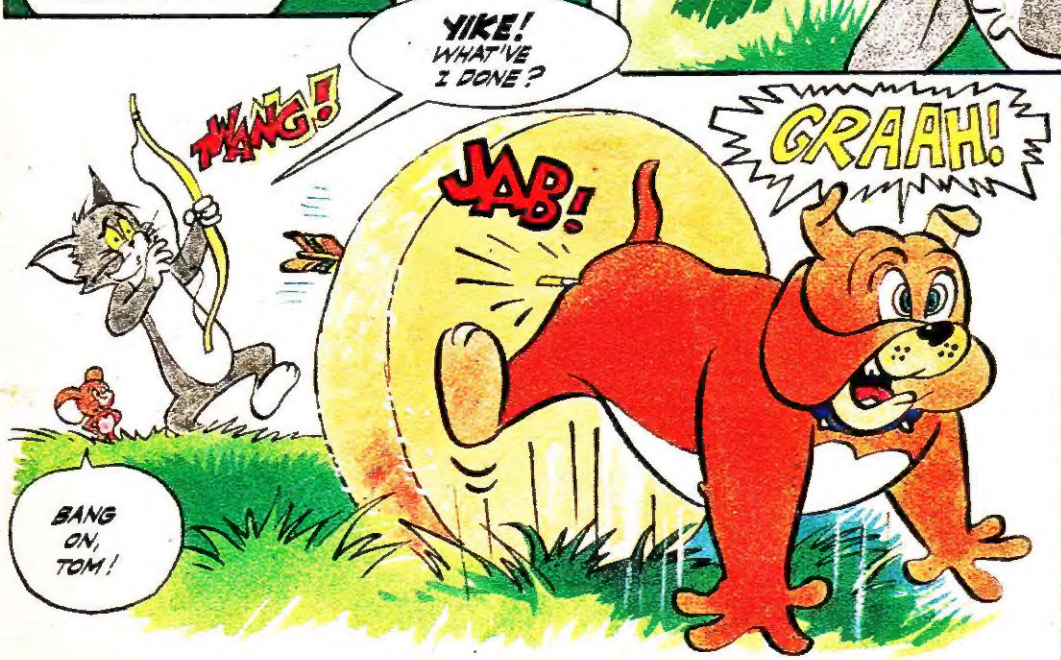
TOM and JERRY

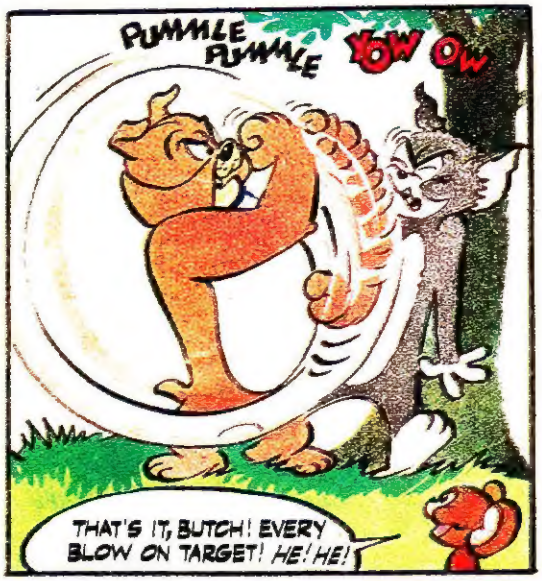












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THIS GARDEN AIN'T BIG ENOUGH FER BOTH OF US, CAT! THERE'S ONLY ONE THING FOR IT!
... AND THAT'S TO GET SHOT OF YOU!
WHOOSH!
WELL DONE, TOM! YOU'RE ON TARGET EVERY TIME!
COMING THIS WAY, EH...?
KERUNK!
GROAN!
FIND MY SUFFERIN' AMUSIN' DO YA, MOUSE?
GULP!
WELL I'VE GOT NEWS FOR YOU! I AIN'T FLYING OUT OF THIS GARDEN, YOU ARE!
URK!
FAREWELL, MOUSE! ENJOY YOUR TRIP! YUK! YUK! YUK!
ZOOM!
I'LL MAKE LIKE AN AEROPLANE!
HELP! MERCY!
THIS IS ONE ARROW TOM HOPES WON'T FIND THE MARK! HE! HE!

Fun with the phone next week ! Dial T-O-M A-N-D J-E-R-R-Y for laughs !

TV Terrors
CLEAR OFF!
YIKE!
WHOP!
923
LATER...
GOOD OLD BOOTS... THEY HAVEN'T LOST THEIR TOUCH!
GLEAM!
WHY ARE YOU SO FOND OF YOUR BOOTS, HOPPIT?
'COS THEY HELPED TO WIN THE WAR, THAT'S WHY...! I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT IT, SHALL I?
THERE WE WERE... THE 29TH FOOT AND MOUTH BRIGADE, CUT OFF BY JERRY IN THE DESERT!
WE'RE SURROUNDED BY GERMANS, CORPORAL HOPPIT... AND NOT A ROUND OF AMMO BETWEEN US! JUST THAT USELESS GUNPOWDER OVER THERE!
GUNPOWDER
JUST THEN...
LOOK SIR! IT'S OUR LADS...! THEY'RE GOING TO DROP AMMO TO US... WE'RE SAVED!
DRONE!
DRONE!
OH, I SAY! JOLLY GOOD SHOW!
THUD!
BUMP!
BUT...
BOOTS!
NUFFINK BUT BOOTS!
WHAT GOOD ARE THEY TO US?
WAIT A MO, SIR...! I'VE AN IDEA!
SO...
WITH THESE BOOTS AND THIS GUNPOWDER WE HAVE A NEW SECRET WEAPON!
GUNP
A LITTLE LATER...
RIGHT, LADS... LIGHT THE BOOTLACES AND RETIRE IMMEDIATELY!
KAMERAD!
ACH! DAS IS NOT DER CRICKET!
HIMMEL! VE ARE BEING STRAFED BY BRITISH BOOTEN!
... AND THAT'S HOW THE BATTLE OF THE BOOTS WAS WON!
NOW IT'S MY TEA BREAK... I'M OFF!
LATER...
LUCKY THAT HOPPIT LEFT HIS BOOTS BEHIND!
YES... AND THIS GUNPOWDER FROM THE EFFECTS STUDIO IS JUST WHAT WE NEED!
LIGHT BOOTLACES AND RETIRE!
THIS CAN ONLY BE HOPPIT'S DOING!
WHOOOSH!
CRUNK!
OH, NO! MY BOOT'S GONE THROUGH THE PRODUCER'S CAR!
I DON'T THINK OLD HOPPIT WILL WIN THE SECOND BATTLE OF THE BOOTS! HAR! HAR!
HE! HE!
HO! HO! HO!

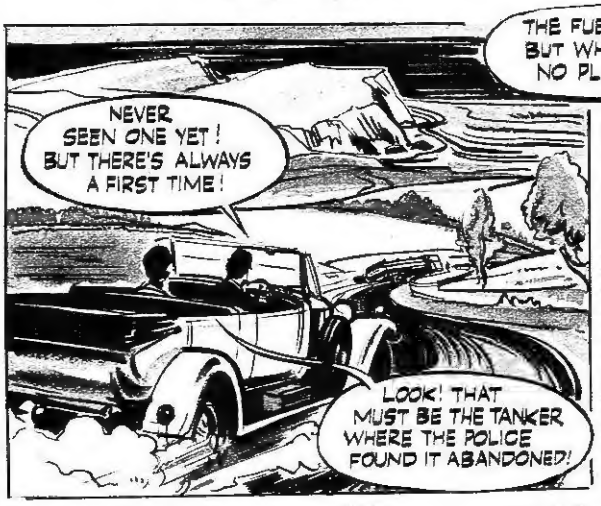
Boot versus brain again next week !

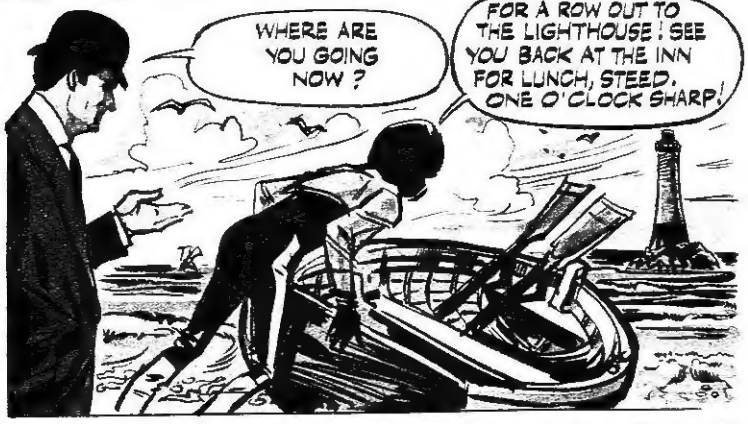
THE AVENGERS

STEED and Tara King have been practising parachute jumping with a sky-diving club when Mother warns them that strange, alien creatures have stolen a road-tanker filled with rocket-fuel from an atomic plant. The tanker has been found abandoned and Steed and Tara drive down to investigate. . .

MOTHER SAID THERE HAVE BEEN REPORTS OF UNIDENTIFIED FLYING OBJECTS IN THE AREA- COULD THEY BE CONNECTED WITH THE THEFT OF THE TANKER?

WELL, THERE IS THE MYSTERY OF HOW THE THIEVES SCALED THE ELECTRIFIED FENCE AT THE PLANT!
DO YOU BELIEVE IN BUG-EYED MONSTERS FROM SPACE, STEED?



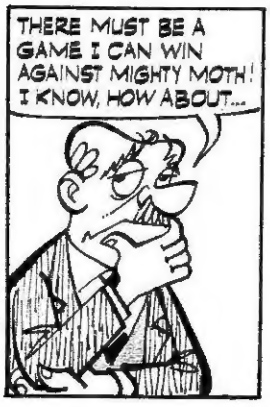


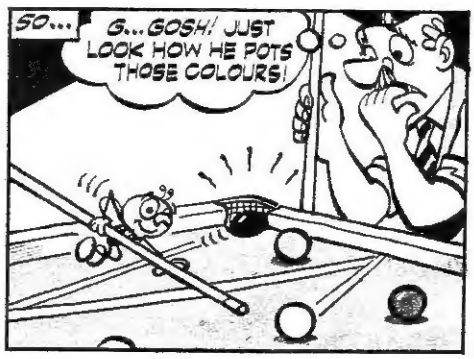
STEED SPENDS THE REMAINDER OF THE MORNING CHECKING STORIES TOLD BY LOCALS OF SEEING U.F.O.s... BUT THEN AT LUNCHTIME...
BULL
MMM... TARA'S HALF AN HOUR LATE... MAYBE I'D BETTER ROW OUT TO THE LIGHTHOUSE MYSELF!

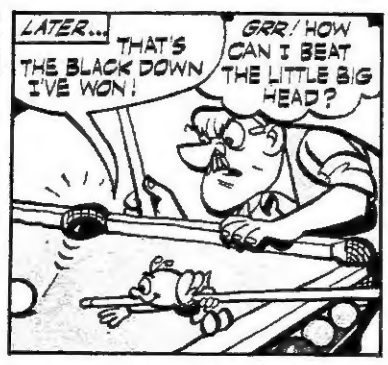
Based on the Thames Television production

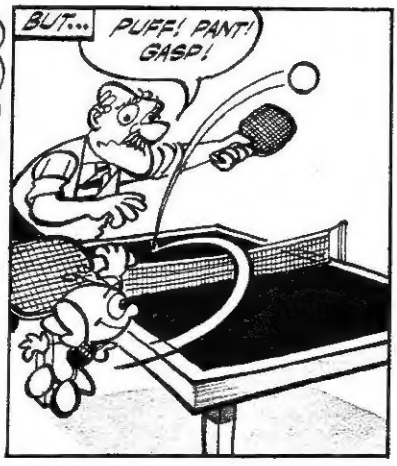
What ghastly fate awaits Steed at the lighthouse? See next week!

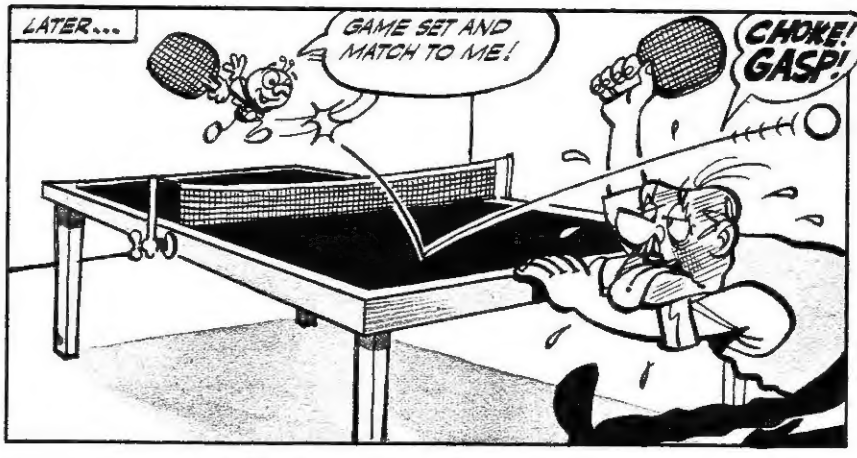
MIGHTY MOTH

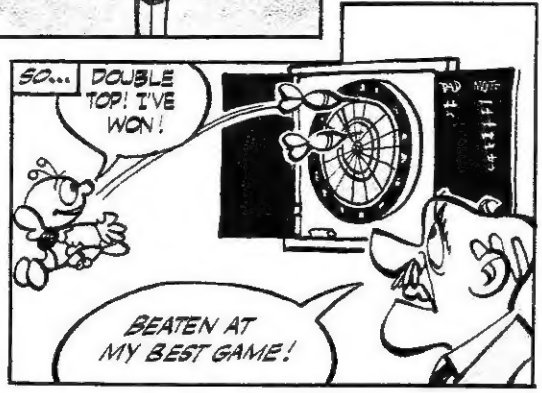


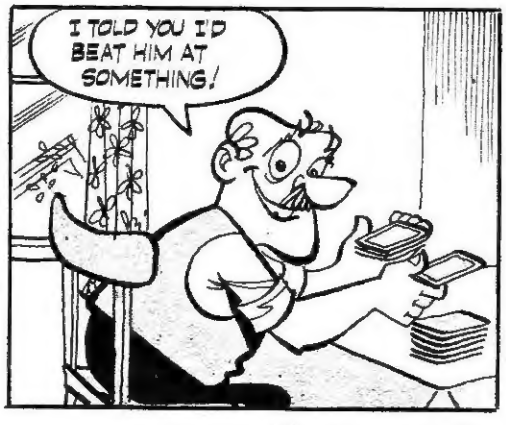












Next week the crunch comes when Dad takes up karate!

SKIPPY
the bush kangaroo

SONNY has hidden Skippy in his trunk, because Matt says that Skippy must be left at home while they go to Sydney to see the title fight between Matt's friend Abo Jones, and Killer Kline. Sonny wants Skippy to have a holiday as well.

THERE WE ARE, SON, ALL ABOARD... BUT I SURE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW WHAT'S FLOPPING ABOUT IN THAT TRUNK!
DON'T TALK SO LOUD, JERRY, OR YOU'LL GIVE THE GAME AWAY!
923

AT THE HOTEL IN SYDNEY...
THAT'S RIGHT, MATE, JUST THE TWO OF US... NOBODY ELSE!
DAD DOESN'T KNOW SKIPPY'S IN THAT TRUNK... WHAT AM I GOING TO DO WITH HER NOW?

AN OLD LADY ENTERS WITH A TINY POODLE, AND THE POODLE SMELLS ANOTHER ANIMAL IN THE TRUNK...
OOH, FIDO, BEHAVE YOURSELF... WHAT IS THE MATTER...?
WHAT ON EARTH...?
YAP! YAP!
THAT'S TORN IT... THE DOG'S SCENTED SKIPPY!

SKIPPY LEAPS IN ALARM AS THE DOG BARKS... HER HEAD HITS THE TOP OF THE TRUNK, SO THAT IT LEAPS AS WELL...
OOOOOH! IT'S ALIVE!
I MUST BE DREAMING!
YOU LITTLE WRETCH... WHAT HAVE YOU PUT IN THERE?

BUT SKIPPY IS TOO ALARMED TO STOP...
I'M SORRY, DAD, BUT I WAS THINKING OF SKIPPY... WE'VE GOT TO RELEASE HER FROM THAT TRUNK...
YOU'VE DONE IT NOW, SONNY, KNOCKED OVER THE BELL-BOY AND FRIGHTENED ALL THESE PEOPLE OUT OF THEIR WITS...

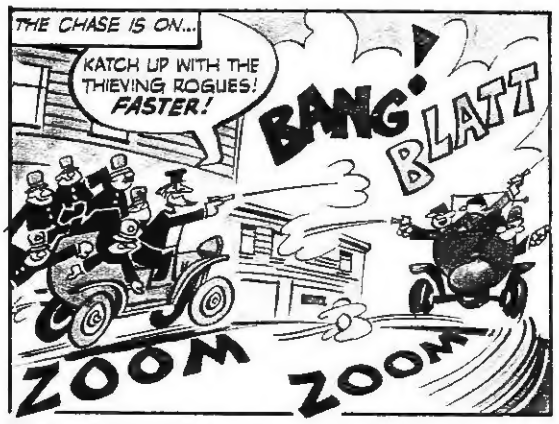
THE LIFT DOORS CLOSE...
OUCH! SOMEBODY MUST HAVE RUNG FOR IT...
YEAH, AN' WE DON'T KNOW ON WHAT FLOOR... NOW WE GOTTA CHASE THAT TRUNK ALL OVER THE BUILDING!
NO, I'LL RING TO BRING IT DOWN AGAIN!

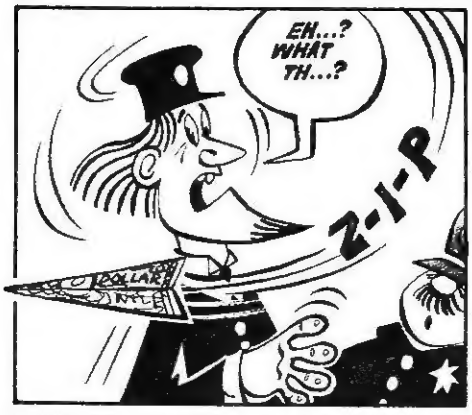
Norfolk International Films Ltd

Next week the lift comes down . . . empty!

Bob Monkhouse's **MAD MOVIES** *featuring the Keystone Kops*

AS USUAL THE KROOKS HAVE JUST ROBBED THE BANK...
KOPSHOP
AFTER 'EM!
KEYSTONE BANK
WE'VE SNATCHED A REALLY BIG HAUL THIS TIME, GANG! HAR! HAR!
923



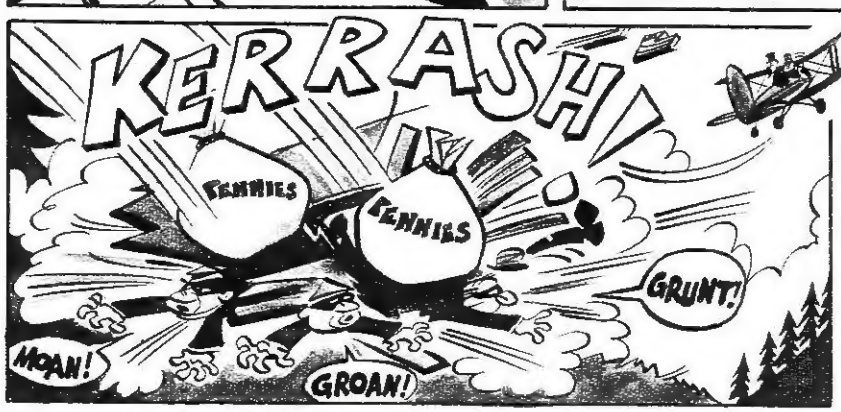


IT WAS GETTING BORING UP HERE SO WE DECIDED TO PLAY PAPER DARTS. WE KAN AFFORD THE KASH! HAR! HAR! HAR!
PLANES MADE FROM MONEY, EH? THIS GIVES ME AN IDEA!

CHIEFY SNEAKS BACK TO KEYSTONE WITH A KOUPLE OF KOPS...
HI, THERE, BANK MANAGER. ANY KASH LEFT?
YOU MUST BE JOKING... THANKS TO YOU I'VE ONLY PENNIES LEFT!

PENNIES ARE WHAT I'M INTERESTED IN! KAN I BORROW THOSE TWO SACKS?
WHY NOT? THE BANK MAY AS WELL BE KOMPLETELY BROKE!
SAFE
PENNIES
PENNIES

AT A NEARBY FARM...
I'D LIKE TO BORROW YOUR KROP-SPRAYING PLANE FOR AN HOUR, FARMER KALHOUN!
ALWAYS A PLEASURE TO HELP THE KOPS, CHIEFY!



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Kops, Krooks, kornets and above all kackles on the beach next week!

BASIL BRUSH

GREAT PERISHING POVERTY! MY MONEY BOX IS EMPTY, CHUMMERS!

H'I KNOW, GUV. WE'RE SO 'ARD-UP THERE'S ONLY ONE SAUSAGE FOR DINNER!

HEY, LOOK AT THIS! A HUNDRED THOUSAND NICKER FOR A KICKER!

'OW'S THAT, GUV?

A CLUB'S JUST PAID THAT MONEY FOR A FOOTBALLER! HE ONLY WEIGHS 11 STONE 6, SO THAT WORKS OUT AT OVER £600 PER POUND, YOU'RE MUCH HEAVIER THAN THAT, CHUMMERS!

OH, 'ELP! I CAN SEE WHAT HE'S THINKING!

QUICK, PUT THESE ON, WE'RE GOING TO BE RICH, I'M GOING TO MAKE YOU INTO A FOOTBALLER!

BUT, GUV, I'M NO GOOD AT FOOTBALL... IT'S TOO ROUGH FOR ME!

WITH MY TRAINING, OLD CHAPPIE, YOU'LL SOON BE A STAR. AND EVEN AT 25/- A POUND YOU'D BE WORTH IT!

I FEEL AWFUL... THERE'S AN 'ORRIBLE DRAUGHT OUT 'ERE, GUV...

THAT'S THE STUFF, CHUMMERS, STRAIGHTEN UP ONCE MORE. THEN I'LL TEACH YOU BALL CONTROL!

(PUFF! PANT! GASP!) WHAT I NEED, GUV, IS SOME BACK CONTROL... I'LL NEVER STRAIGHTEN UP AGAIN!

GREAT SPINELESS SOFTIES! PUT SOME BEEF INTO IT, CHUMMERS... HERE'S THE BALL...

H'I COULD DO A LOT BETTER, GUV, H'IF I 'AD SOME BEEF IN MYSELF!

LEARN SOME BALL CONTROL, YOU DOPE, OR I'LL NEED SOME TEMPER CONTROL.

PUFF! PANT! GROAN! GASP!

OH, WELL, YOU'RE AS GOOD AS YOU'LL EVER BE I SUPPOSE... I'LL RING THE MANAGER OF THE UNITED AND ARRANGE THE SALE...

LATER, IN THE MANAGER'S OFFICE...

THERE HE IS, OLD CHAP... THE WORLD'S WONDER... GEORGIE BEST WILL ONLY BE SECOND-BEST COMPARED WITH MY BOY... HAW! HAW!

HE LOOKS A BIT HEAVY-LIKE, BUT I'LL GIVE HIM A TRIAL!

JUST SEE HOW HE MOVES... LIKE A GREYHOUND, WHAT...?

OW! OUCH! YOW! YAHOO!

I'LL TAKE HIM, BUT I CAN ONLY PAY TWO POUNDS A MATCH!

OH, WELL, THAT'S BETTER THAN NOTHING!

THE DAY OF THE BIG MATCH.

ICE-LOLLIES PEANUTS ICE

THE MANAGER DIDN'T LIKE YOUR PLAY, BUT HE *DID* LIKE YOUR *LOUD* VOICE!

Another jolly old romp with Basil and Chummers next week!

Tich and Quackers

OUT OF MY WAY! ROAD HOG! HONK! HEY!

923

BAH! WE'LL SHOW THAT SNOB! HO! HO! HO! LET'S DO THAT!

SO... WE'LL BORROW A FEW THINGS FROM RAY'S STORE AND MAKE A SOAPBOX CART OF OUR OWN! HE! HE! HE!

SOON HAVE IT FINISHED! BASH!

SOON... THERE... WHAT A MACHINE! BUILT LIKE A TANK... AND ALL READY FOR ACTION!

SO... LOOK OUT DOWN THERE! YIKE!

SCRUNCH! SORRY, PERCY! 'FRAID WE'RE IN A *TEARING* HURRY! EEEEK!

THEN... OH, NO! SQUAWK! BASH!

MY CAR!

WHY YOU CARELESS COUPLE... I'LL... WE NEED SOMETHING FASTER THAN A SOAPBOX CART TO GET AWAY FROM RAY!

SO... GRR! OUT OF TOWN AND STEP ON IT, DRIVER! TAXI

More laughs with our daft duo next week!

BEETLE BAILEY

923
WELL, TODAY'S THE DAY I WIN THE PING-PONG TOURNAMENT, BEETLE!
FRANKLY, SARGE, I DON'T THINK YOU HAVE A CHANCE!
LISTEN! I'M GOING TO WIN!
AREN'T I?
FRANKLY, AS A PING-PONG PLAYER, YOU'RE LOUSY, SARGE!
YOUR SERVE DOESN'T HAVE ANY SPIN ON IT!
YOUR BACKHAND IS STRICTLY DEFENSIVE!
AND YOU MOVE AROUND LIKE EACH FOOT IS IN A BUCKET OF CEMENT!
YOU ONLY GOT TO THE FINALS BY PURE, DUMB LUCK!
LUCK?
IT'S ALMOST TIME FOR THE TOURNAMENT TO START, BEETLE. WILL YOU WARM UP SARGE?
I JUST DID!

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More military mirth next week!

YOUR CHANCE TO WIN

A REDIFFUSION 19" COLOUR TV SET

with a year's licence paid.

B

"DOWN A BIT MORE, THEN WE WIN THE PRIZE!"

PLUS Dozens and dozens of Tom and Jerry prizes to the runners-up!

On the left is cartoon 'B' in a series of five and, in case you missed last week's issue, cartoon 'A' is repeated below.

All you have to do is place the five cartoons in order of preference—the funniest one first and so on—and write your own caption to the sixth. BASIL BRUSH will help the Editor to select the winners.

There will be no more repeat cartoons so place an order for TV Comic to avoid disappointment.

Don't forget to keep your copies so that you can make your entry on the official coupon to be published on week six.

This competition is open only to children up to the age of fifteen, resident in the United Kingdom. Age and neatness will be taken into consideration and the Editor's decision is final.

A

BUGS BUNNY PRESENTS...
POTTY PIRATES
LISTEN CRITTER! THAT THERE IS MY TREASURE SO SEE YOU BURY IT ON MY ISLAND AND BRING ME BACK A MAP OF WHERE YOU HID IT!
OKAY, GUV'NOR!
LATER...
SO YOR BACK? DID YOU BURY IT DEEP AND BRING BACK A MAP?
NODE! BUT THAT OTHER PIRATE DID AND HE MADE A MAP!
WHUT OTHER PIRATE?
THE ONE WHO WAS ALREADY DIGGING ON YOUR ISLAND! HE ALSO SAID TO GIVE YOU THIS CANDLE TO READ THE MAP BY!
WHUT FUR DO I NEED A CANDLE? IT AIN'T NIGHT TIME!
I DUNNO GUVNOR- BUT I'VE GOT TO RUN ALONG NOW! BYE! BYE!
THE NERVE OF THAT OTHER PIRATE! I'LL BET IT'S A PHONEY MAP... BESIDES THIS DOESN'T LOOK LIKE A CANDLE. IT LOOKS MORE LIKE A STICK OF...
RM
DYNAMITE!
BOOM!
SO...
OKAY, I CAUGHT YOU AT IT, STRANGE PIRATE! STOP YOR A'DIGGING AND LEAVE YOR TREASURE, THIS IS MY ISLAND!
GREAT BALLS O' FIRE! THAT THERE WAS A CHALLENGE! I'LL SETTLE THAT OTHER PIRATE!
OH, THAT'S OKAY, DOC! I'M NOT REALLY DIGGING! I'M USING DYNAMITE! IT'S EASIER!
WELL TAKE YOR DYNAMITE AND GET OFF-A MY ISLAND!
OKAY, DOC! HERE, YOU CAN HAVE IT. I WON'T NEED IT NOW!
DON'T GIVE IT TO ME - THROW IT IN THAT WASTE BIN OVER THERE!
AND YOU AIN'T A-LEAVING EITHER TILL YOU SHOW ME WHERE YOU PUT THE TREASURE YOU WUZ ABOUT TO HIDE!
KEEP SAM'S ISLAND TIDY
OH, YES! THE TREASURE... HMMM... OH, BY THE WAY, I THINK I FORGOT TO PUT THE FUSE OUT!
YOU STAY HERE! I'M NOT FALLING FUR YORE FANCY TRICKS... I'LL GO AND SEE IF YOU PUT THE FUSE OUT!
HEY! HEY! IT LOOKS LIKE I FORGOT!
BOOM
HEY! I DID FORGET DIDN'T I?
YOU SHORE DID! AND IT WENT OFF AND NEAR TO BLASTED MY HEAD OFF FROM UNDER MY HAT!

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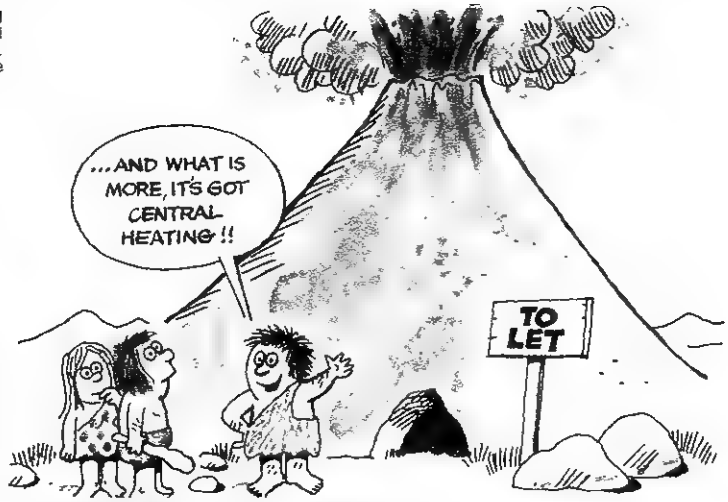
Another Bugs Bunny Show next week!

Pick of the Jokes

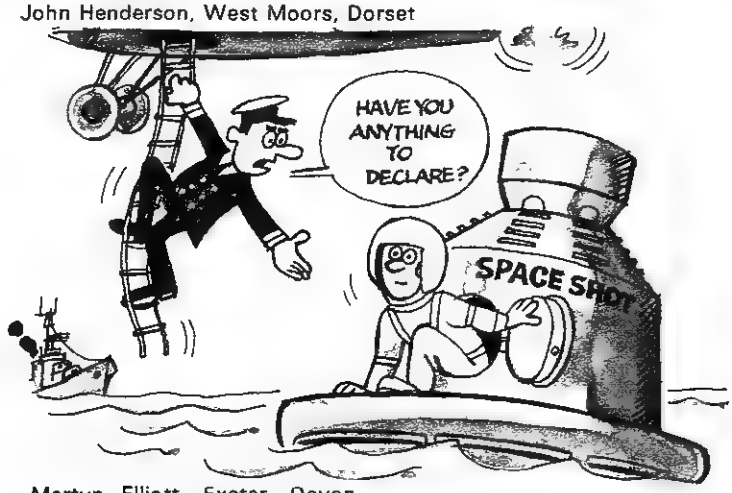
Win a £1. Readers of TV COMIC are invited to send in original jokes. Send your joke on a postcard stating your age, name and address to The Editor, TV COMIC, Polystyle Publications Ltd., 100, Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, London, E.C.4.

Adrian Woodhall, Meadowhead, Sheffield, 8.



John Henderson, West Moors, Dorset

Paul Weston, Eccleshall, Sheffield, 11.



Martyn Elliott, Exeter Devon.

Ian Bain, Glasgow, S.W.1.

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Larry Harmon's

LAUREL & HARDY

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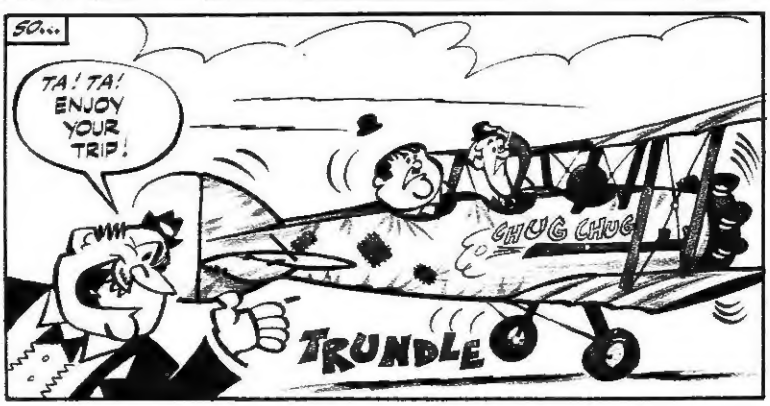

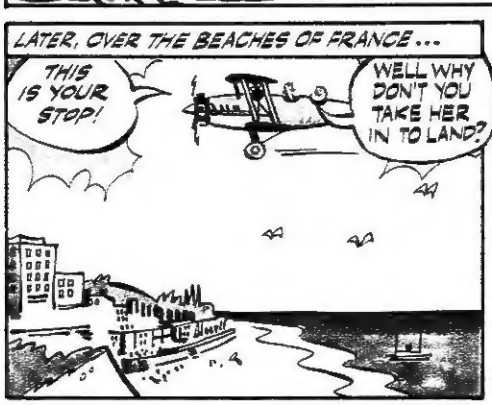

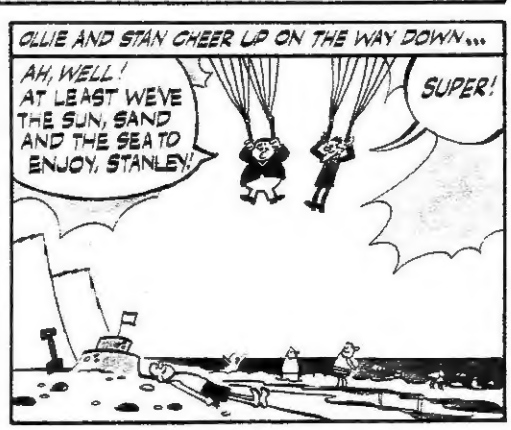

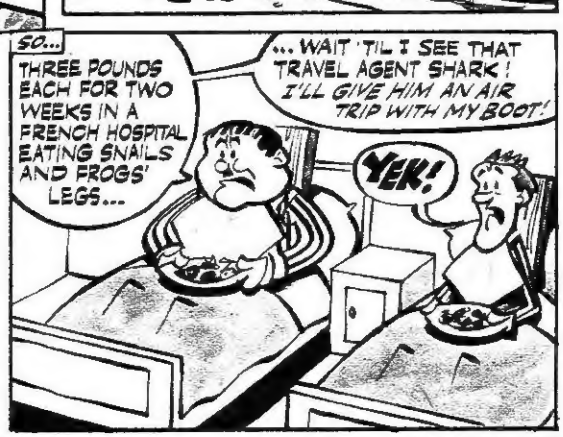
SO...
THREE POUNDS EACH FOR TWO WEEKS IN A FRENCH HOSPITAL EATING SNAILS AND FROGS' LEGS...
... WAIT 'TIL I SEE THAT TRAVEL AGENT SHARK! I'LL GIVE HIM AN AIR TRIP WITH MY BOOT!
YEK!

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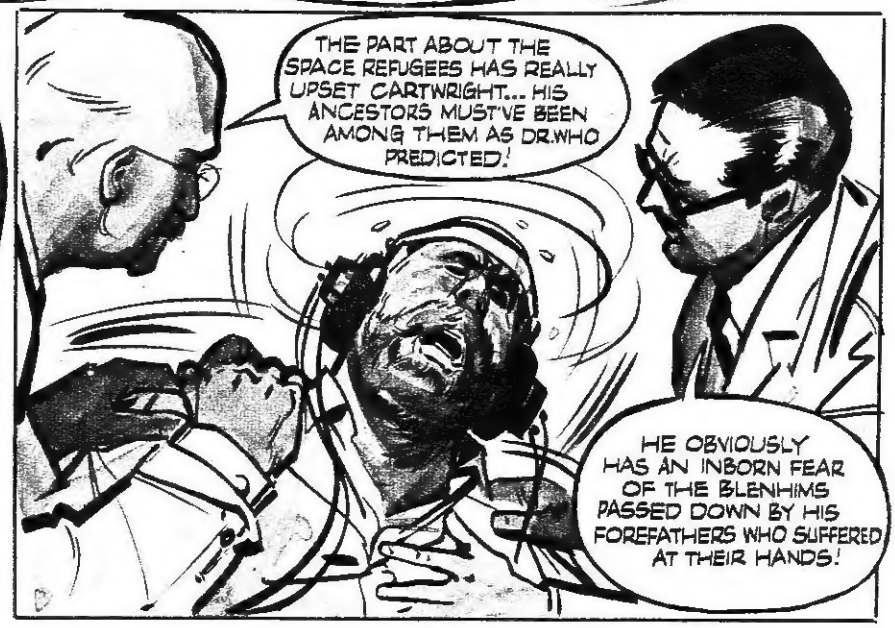
Doctor WHO

DURING a medical, Dr. Martin Cartwright passes out at the sight of a weird mark on Dr. Who's chest. Dr. Who is attempting to bring Cartwright out of his coma with thought-transference equipment . . .

... BLENHIM FORCES STRUCK AT EVERY PLANET WITHIN THEIR REACH... DESTROYING ALL WHO REFUSED TO SUBMIT TO THEIR DOMINATION!
CARTWRIGHT IS CLOSE TO BREAKING POINT. THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO WHILE HE'S IN A COMA. LET'S HOPE DR. WHO'S STORY WILL SHAKE HIM OUT OF IT!
923

THE LEADER'S VIDEO SCREEN SHOWED BLENHIM ROCKET CRAFT STRAFING THE DEFENCES OF MANY SURROUNDING CIVILISATIONS... INFLICTING TERRIBLE DAMAGE!
... NOT EVEN THE MOST ISOLATED DWELLINGS ON REMOTE PLANETS ESCAPED THEIR VICIOUS TERRORISM!

THE DEVASTATION RENDERED MILLIONS ALL OVER THE GALAXY HOMELESS ...SPACE REFUGEES FLED FOR THEIR LIVES FOR LIFE WAS ALL THEY HAD LEFT!


THE PART ABOUT THE SPACE REFUGEES HAS REALLY UPSET CARTWRIGHT... HIS ANCESTORS MUST'VE BEEN AMONG THEM AS DR.WHO PREDICTED!
HE OBVIOUSLY HAS AN INBORN FEAR OF THE BLENHIMS PASSED DOWN BY HIS FOREFATHERS WHO SUFFERED AT THEIR HANDS!

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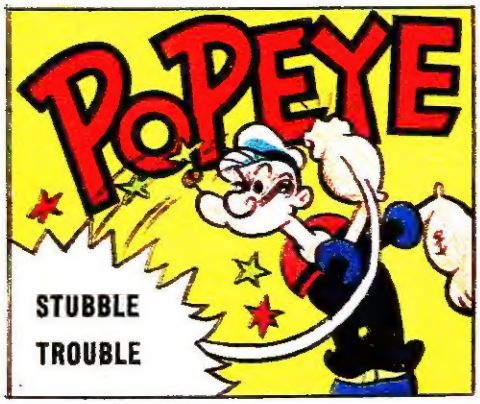
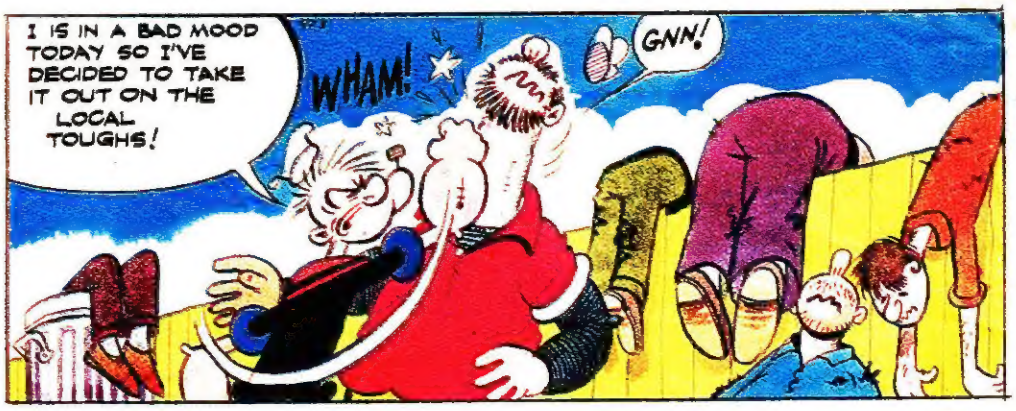
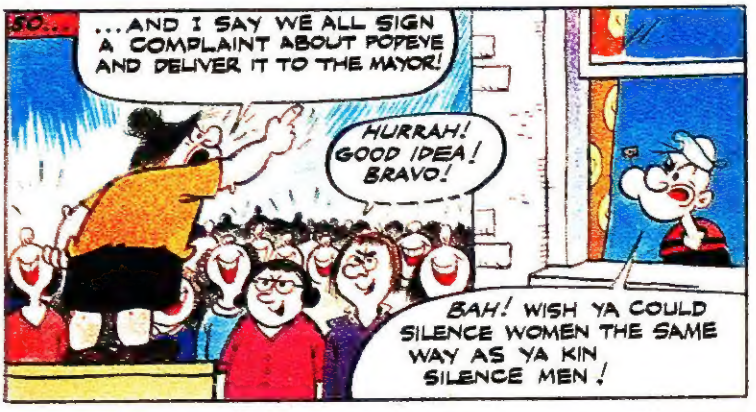
THE LEADER'S VIOLENT LITTLE FILM SHOW WAS OVER. HE HAD SHOWN THE ASSEMBLED BLENHIMS HOW HIS FORCES WERE CONQUERING NEIGHBOURING PLANETS.
SOMEHOW THOSE WAR MONGERS HAD TO BE STOPPED... DISGUISED IN BLENHIM ROBES I MOVED TOWARDS THE LEADER'S PLATFORM!
THE MEETING IS OVER... RETURN TO YOUR DUTIES!
MY ONLY CHANCE IS TO TRY SOMETHING REALLY DRAMATIC... HOPE MY NERVE DOESN'T GIVE OUT!
LEADER! I QUESTION YOUR RIGHT TO GOVERN US... I QUESTION YOUR POWER!
SEIZE HIM!
IT IS THE RIGHT OF ALL BLENHIMS TO CHALLENGE FOR THE LEADERSHIP. I SAY MY POWERS ARE GREATER THAN YOURS!
... LET IT BE PUT TO THE TEST!
THE PRISONER SPEAKS THE TRUTH... IT IS BLENHIM LAW!
LET A CONTEST BE ARRANGED... WE HAVE A RIGHT TO KNOW WHO IS MOST POWERFUL!
VERY WELL! BUT WHEN I PROVE MYSELF SUPERIOR I SHALL HAVE THIS WRETCH TORN LIMB FROM LIMB!

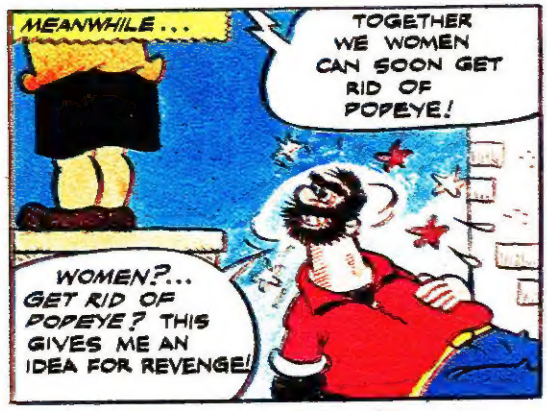
Don't miss the contest for power next week! A terrible death awaits the loser!

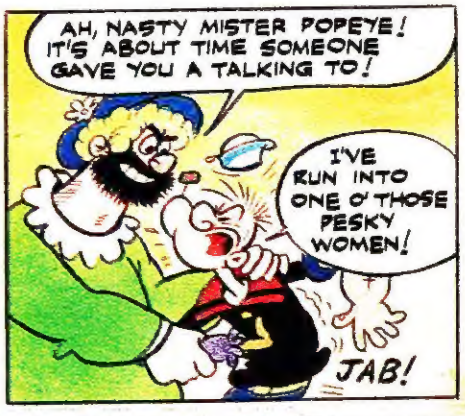




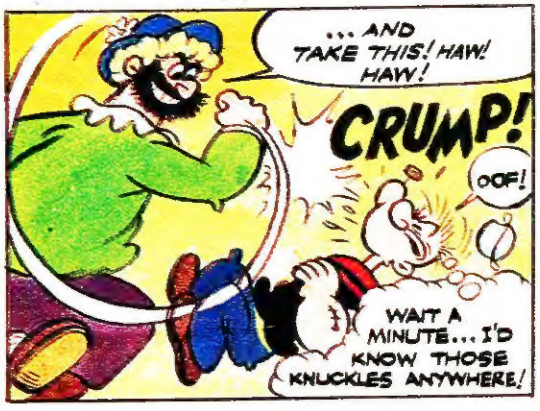
TEN WHAMS LATER...
TUT! TUT!
HUMPH!
THAT POPEYE'S ALWAYS CLUTTERING UP OUR TOWN WITH BATTERED BODIES...I SAY WE GET UP A PETITION TO HAVE HIM THROWN OUT!
HERE, HERE!

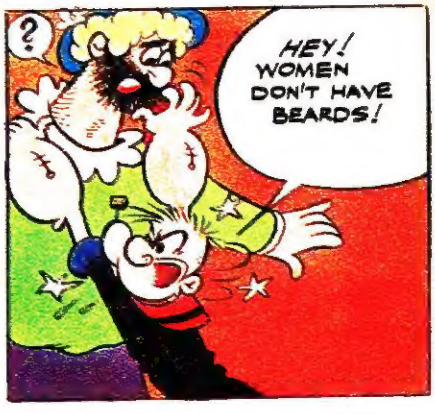

SO...
...AND I SAY WE ALL SIGN A COMPLAINT ABOUT POPEYE AND DELIVER IT TO THE MAYOR!
HURRAH! GOOD IDEA! BRAVO!
BAH! WISH YA COULD SILENCE WOMEN THE SAME WAY AS YA KIN SILENCE MEN!

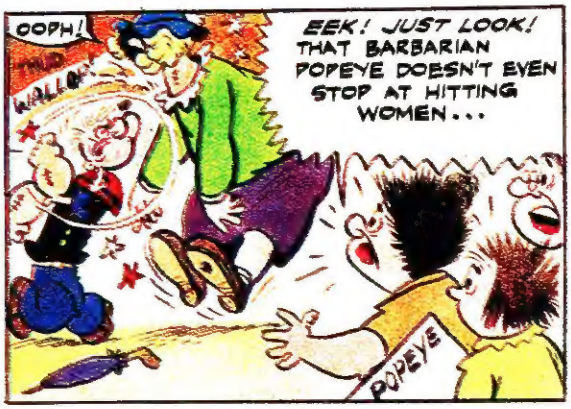




YOU MUST LEARN NOT TO CLUTTER UP OUR STREETS WITH YOUR VICTIMS... TAKE THAT!
BASH!
OW! LUCKY FER YOU IT'S AGAINST ME RULES TO HIT WOMENFOLK!







LET'S GET OUT OF TOWN BEFORE HE STARTS ON US!
THE OLD STICKS SEEM TO HAVE GOT THE WRONG END OF THE STICK...BUT AT LEAST IT'S GOT RID OF 'EM! ARF! ARF! ARF!

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Muscular mirth next week when Swee'pea eats a plateful of spinach!